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## THE TIMES.

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For The Times.

BY JAMES HUMES.

Written during the late War but never published.

In a town that shall be nameless,  
Lived two lovers young and blameless;  
He of lofty mien and bearing,  
She of nature's finest mold.

As the bright and ruddy morning,  
Or the rose that decks the garden;  
Was the face of this fair maiden—  
This fair maid of finished mold.

Round her neck of milky whiteness,  
Hung her auburn hair in ringlets,  
Whilst her eyes of witching beauty  
Kindled love in all who saw.

At all places in all weather,  
These two lovers were together;  
For the food of love is ever,  
Naught but love and love alone.

Though they had at love's bright altar,  
Sworn that not but death could sever;  
Yet the cry, "to arms all hasten,"  
William leaves his Mary dear.

Mary now in deepest anguish  
Thus employs endearing language  
Crying, "oh my dearest William!  
Can you, can you leave me so."

But the tramp of war now blowing,  
William must at once be going;  
So adieu! my dearest Mary,  
I will live or die for you.

For "The Times."

### THE DOCTOR'S PLOT.

RICHARD BRADLEY, at the age of twenty-one had come into possession of an immense fortune, and at the age of twenty-five he found himself one of the most miserable fellows in existence. Every source of amusement that New York could afford, had been drained to its dregs, and even the gaming-table had begun to draw its fatal shroud around the youthful millionaire; but all could not arouse his spirits from the deep slough of despond into which they had become plunged. In his bosom he had cherished the feeling that he was doomed to irredeemable melancholy, and though he endeavored by all the means in his power to throw off or submerge the complaint, yet it stuck to him with the tenacity of a leech. Day by day did he grow more and more melancholy,—the bloom had faded from his cheek—the blood began to course sluggishly through his veins, and he actually entertained the idea that the gates of the grave alone could shut out his wasting malady. The gaudy butterflies of fashion fluttered around him, but he derived no pleasure in their company. The scheming misses and the flashing belles hovered about him with their flatteries and their smiles, but he turned from them with loathing.

It was in the middle of the forenoon, that young Bradley was stretched out upon his damask lounge, gazing vacantly at a spider that was industriously at work over his head, while in his right hand he held a volume of Byron's works, open, and turned bottom-side up. He was in this position when old Dr. Pottsdam entered, but in a moment more he arose lazily to a sitting position, and languidly held out his left hand for the visitor to shake.

"Doctor, I'm glad to see you," said the young man, "and I hope you'll be able to do something for me. I shan't live long in this way."

"Then why do you stay here in the city?" asked the doctor.

"Because I've nowhere else to go."

"But why don't you travel?"

"I've traveled all over the country,—what more could you ask?"

"Go to Europe."

"A voyage across the Atlantic would kill me outright."

"Then go into business."

"There's no need of it—and I can't bear it."

"Then there's only one resource."

"Ah,—name it."

"Marry."

"Bah! Why, Pottsdam, the sight of a woman is perfectly hateful to me."

"Such women as you have associated with, I grant. I don't mean for you to marry a load of silks, satins, jewelry and red paint,—go and find a real woman."

"That would be wicked, to curse a lovely female with my degrading presence. No, doctor, I won't marry."

"Then," said the doctor, in a somewhat peevish tone, "what in heaven's name would you do?"

"Give me something to cure me."

"I'll physic you."

"I don't care for that, so that you can cure me. The tooth-ache, the ear-ache, the cholera—anything, would be preferable to this everlasting deluge of darkness that's rolling over my heart."

For five minutes Dr. Pottsdam sat and reflected. At the end of that, a half-hidden smile passed over his face, and a peculiar twinkle played in his sharp gray eyes.

"Bradley," said he, "I can't cure you."

"Then go to the—"

"Stop," interrupted the doctor. "I know of a man who can, though."

"Egad! that's good. Send him along."

"But you'll have to go to him."

"Where is he?"

"A hundred miles from here, just beyond the Catskill mountain."

"I should die on the way."

"No, you won't. There lives one old Doctor Forbush there, and I sincerely believe he can cure you. In short, I'll warrant a cure. Say you'll go, and in six months from now, you shall be a well man."

"Just tell me how I shall have to travel."

"Take the steamer as far as Catskill, and from there you'll take a first-rate stage-coach."

"Doctor Pottsdam," exclaimed young Bradley, in a like manner as a drowning man would catch at a straw, "I'll go. But remember, you say this Forbush can cure me."

"I'll stake my reputation on it."

"Then I'll start to-morrow."

"Not till day after to-morrow, and then I will give you letters to him. Just make yourself as comfortable as possible till that time, and then you shall be off."

"Comfortable as a dying convict," uttered Bradley, shaking back once more at full length upon his lounge. "But I'll try to live through it. Good day, doctor."

In due time, the poor fellow found himself sailing up the Hudson. The journey was tedious and monotonous enough to one like him; but by spreading himself in his berth on board the steamboat, and securing a seat in the stage where he could lay out at full length, he managed to reach the dwelling of Dr. Forbush in a living condition. The old doctor was expecting his patient and with a volume of smiles he assisted him into the house, where everything was prepared for his reception.

"Anything in particular that you'd like for supper?" asked the doctor, after Bradley had disposed of himself on three chairs and a pillow.

"I saw some little chickens running around in the yard. I wish you'd catch one of them and broil it. Butter it well, and let me have a dry toast with it."

A smile passed over the old doctor's face, but without any remark, he went to obey the wish of his patient, and in half an hour he was seated before the dish he had named. Traveling had somewhat sharpened his appetite, and he ate more heartily than he had done before for months.

When Bradley expressed his desire to retire, the doctor took a lamp and led the way up stairs. The room into which the young man was ushered, was at the front of the house; a plain carpet covered the floor, the furniture was simple and neat, a small book-case hung against the wall, and the bed, covered with its snowy clothing, was canopied by light dimity curtains, and bore a tempting aspect to the weary traveler.

The next morning Richard Bradley arose from his bed, but he felt weak and sick, and at noon he retired again, and

on the morning following that, he felt utterly unable to get up.

"Doctor," said he, "I'm worse."

"Your constitution is weaker, I admit," returned Forbush, "but you'll soon get over that, and at the same time you'll be recovering from your strange malady. Your journey hither has somewhat upset you."

"I knew it would, and I told Pottsdam so," uttered Bradley, as he turned heavily on his pillow. "But I won't die if I can help it."

Another day passed, and he was utterly unable to sit up in bed. There was no pain in his system, nor did he feel much sickness at the stomach—but a general debility, a total weakness, and utter want of appetite had possessed him. The doctor examined his tongue, felt his pulse, and then told him that he should have a nurse, and that with care he would soon be well. Had the invalid been stronger, he might have cursed the doctor and cursed the journey, but he was too weak to feel any such emotions, and with a commendable docility he resigned himself to his fate.

That forenoon the promised nurse was introduced to him, under the simple, musical name of Mary Holworth. She was somewhere about nineteen, light and graceful as a fairy, with a face radiant and lovely, all beaming with smiles and roguish dimples, her hair flowing in soft, sunlit curls, and her eyes of that peculiar rich hazel that seems a bottomless fount of melting, sparkling light. The patient was startled to new life for a moment by this lovely presence, but he soon sank back upon his pillow, and gazed at her with a half-vacant meaningless look, as she moved about the room. Richard was directed to request the presence of the doctor or one of his students whenever he desired, and thus were matters arranged for his treatment.

A week passed away, but the invalid grew no stronger. Mary almost anticipated his every wish, as with the care and tenderness of a sister she hovered about his couch. The light of her happy smiles, and the music of her sweet voice made a paradise of the sick chamber, and at length Richard seemed to notice it, for when, after an absence of half an hour, she would re-enter the room, his countenance would brighten up, and a soft look of gratitude would beam forth from his eyes.

"Mary," said he one day, after he had become able, by the aid of a bolster and two pillows, to retain a sitting position, "methinks one with such a sweet voice as yours should be able to sing."

"O, I can sing, sir. Would it please you to hear me?"

"By heavens!" exclaimed the invalid, with more earnestness than he had evinced for weeks, "you are the first woman I ever saw who didn't have a cold when music was on the docket."

"It must be a strange fatality indeed that imparts colds so easily," returned Mary, with a smile. "It appears to me that I should not wish to hear one sing who had a very bad cold; and, on the other hand, if they pretended to have colds when they had them not, the palpable falsehood would make their music distasteful. But if you would like a little music, sir, I will get my harp."

"Get it, and sing to me," said Richard, and after she had gone, he murmured to himself:

"May I never get off from this bed, if that isn't the first sensible girl I ever saw," and so saying he fell into a fit of deep meditation.

In a few minutes Mary returned with her harp, and having swept her fingers over the strings for a moment, she began to warble forth a sweet song. The rich melody of her voice filled the room with its melting cadence, until it seemed to the sick man as though he dwelt in an atmosphere of celestial music.

"More! more! Sing again," he murmured, as the maiden ended her song.

Again and again she sang, and when at length she laid her harp aside, Richard regarded her with such a strange look, that she blushed and turned away towards the window.

"Mary," said the young man, "you must sing to me often. You will, won't you?"

"Yes," she replied, in a half-hushed voice,—"I will either sing for you or read to you, for Doctor Forbush says it would help to relieve your mind."

"Never mind Doctor Forbush. You must sing and read because I want you to. Now sit you down by my side and read to me. Let it be from Byron."

"I will read to you from Gray, or Beattie, or Burns, but I don't like Byron."

"Don't like Byron? And why not?"

"Simply because he falsifies humanity, and maligns the better principles of human action. He does not write of the human heart as it beats in love and sympathy, but he portrays it as it beat in his own unfortunate bosom. I will read you something better."

Mary went to the book-case and returned with a volume of Goldsmith's works, from which she read that beautiful gem of literature, "The Deserted Village." The same voice that had sang so sweetly, read equally as well, and Richard drank in every word, as it fell from her lips, and a feeling, such as he had never before experienced, began to creep over his soul.

Thus passed the time for another week. Richard was not yet able to get out of his room, nor could he sit up for any length of time. Mary sang and read—then read and sang,—and when she would read or sing no more, she would laugh and talk, or talk and look serious, just as the case might be, for she possessed a most happy faculty of sympathizing with all her patient's moods.

Nearly a month had elapsed since Richard Bradley had been confined to his bed, when he found himself able to sit up in his chair all the day long, and at length old Doctor Forbush told him that he might walk out in the garden. He received the permission with pleasure, but he first made Mary Holworth consent to accompany him. The sweet flowers and the fragrant air lent an invigorating influence to his system and to his mind, and nature had never before appeared so attractive and so lovely. His strength was not sufficient for a long walk, and at the end of half an hour he returned to his room. Mary arranged a few things about the apartment, replaced the books in the case, and then turning to the invalid she said, in a tone made tremulous by some emotion she could not suppress:

"Mr. Bradley, you are now so far recovered that my services will be of no further need, and I will return to my own dwelling. Since I have been with you, I have endeavored to do all that lay in my power for your comfort, and I trust that I have so far succeeded that when you call my image to your mind it may be with a grateful remembrance. Adieu, sir, and may health soon give you all its blessings."

"But you are not surely going to leave me," uttered Richard, to whose mind such a result of his returning strength had not occurred.

"Certainly, I must, sir. I can help you no more."

"Wait a moment," said the young man, as the maiden turned towards the door, and as he spoke he bent his head in earnest thought. At length he raised his eyes, and a change had come over his pale face.

"Mary," said he, in a soft, low tone, "come here and sit for a moment by my side."

Tremblingly she obeyed, and Richard took one of her fair hands in his own.

"You say you can be of no service to me," he continued, gazing ardently into her sweet face. "You can be of service to me through life. Now be honest, Mary,—tell me the truth. My heart has learned to live a new life in your presence, and I fear that in your absence it would sink back again to its former darkness. Mary, I cannot part with you now, for you are the first earthly thing I have loved for years. I do love you, and if you can love me in return, and be my wife, be honest, and tell me so."

"Indeed," replied Mary, while her hand trembled violently in its voluntary prison, "I should have time to think of this."

"No, no, Mary,—the heart does not take its impulses of love from long thought. You can tell me now, and then I shall be happier. O, I know you love me. You would not have been so kind, so faithful,—you would not have chained my heart with your music and your pure thoughts—and your hand would not tremble so, nor would your cheek burn with that bright glow,—nor would that tear stand thus upon your

eyelid, if you did not love me. You do love me, Mary,—come, tell me so at once."

"You have guessed my secret," murmured Mary, and as she spoke, she laid her head upon young Bradley's bosom.

"And you will not leave me?"

"I must go now, but I will come back again."

"Mr. Bradley, here are two letters from New York," said Dr. Forbush, as he entered the room where Richard and Mary were sitting.

The young man took them, and breaking the seal of the first, read as follows:

"MR. RICHARD BRADLEY:—Sir,—Excuse me for the painful intelligence I have to communicate. The banker whose hands your funds were placed has failed. The late panic caused a run upon his banking house, and ere he could redeem himself he had sunk all. Not a cent has he to pay over, it would hardly pay the trouble of getting it. You have of course learned ere this of the fearful conflagration that has visited our city, and you probably know that your extensive block of buildings is in ashes. The insurance policies expired a month ago, so that there is a total loss. The land, is still left, and I await your orders with respect to the matter, or, if you desire it, I will come on and see you."

Yours truly,  
JAMES FESSENDON, Agent.

New York, June—, 18—.

"Well," uttered the young man, after he had read the letter through the third time, "that's a good beginning, at all events. Read it, Mary, while I see what old Pottsdam has to say, for this super-scription looks wonderfully like his scrawling."

Mary took the proffered letter, while Richard opened the second, and read as follows:

"New York, June—, 18—.

DEAR RICHARD:—You will see by your agent's letter how you are situated. I have made all necessary examinations, and you will come out in the end the owner of about eight thousand dollars, which can be sent to on to you, for, if you take my advice, you will not throw yourself into the whirl of city life for the present. There is a splendid farm and accompanying mansion in the town where you are stopping, that can be purchased for six or seven thousand dollars, and if your fancy would lead you to like it, Dr. Forbush will aid you in obtaining it. You had better send for Mr. Fessendon, however, and consult with him, for in your present state you would not run the risk of coming here."

Yours, as ever,  
JOTHAM POTTSDAM."

"Well, what do you think of that, Mary?" asked the young man, as he saw that she had read the letter.

"'Tis surely a heavy loss," returned she, not a little surprised at the utter coolness of her companion.

"Do you feel its loss, Mary?" asked Richard, in a meaning tone.

"In so far as it may make you unhappy,—no farther, for now I can prove my love by helping you on through life."

"Then, thank God 'tis gone," exclaimed the young man, as he clasped the fair girl to his bosom. "I never derived one moment's happiness from its possession, and I shall not mourn now that it is gone. Dr. Pottsdam tells me in his letter that I have yet some eight thousand dollars left, and that there is a good place here which I can buy. The crowded city has been the scene of all my miseries, and this quiet village has been the scene of all my happiness. Here will I stay. You are an orphan, and I am the same, and together we will choose us a home and be happy; will we not, Mary?"

"Yes—yes."

Mr. Fessendon came on, and deposited in the hands of Richard Bradley eight thousand three hundred dollars, the full amount he held in his hands, and with it the young man purchased the place to which reference has been made. It was a pretty spot, located upon the banks of a lovely stream, and within the walls of its neat dwelling, young Bradley was united to his sweet Mary.

A year had passed away, and to Richard and Mary had been given a dear child—a little blue-eyed boy. It was at the close of a pleasant day,—Bradley and his young wife were seated in their comfortable parlor, when the door of the apartment was unceremoniously pushed open, and the jolly face of old Dr. Pottsdam appeared at the entrance. Both Richard and his wife sprang forward to bid the old man a welcome, and ere long he was seated and engaged in a spirited conversation.

"Mary," said Richard, as a legitimate